

Great Reduction Sale

Still Continues at the

YALE CLOTHING HOUSE.

Men's \$10.00 Suits at \$8.95
Boys' and Children's light colored Suits
from \$1.00 upwards.

\$2.50 and \$3.00 Tan Shoes \$2.00

Many other things will be sold
regardless of cost.

Sale will Continue until Aug. 6th.

YALE CLOTHING HOUSE

J. C. HOLDEN Prop.

Seasonable Summer Bargains.

New Style Reduction Sale.

Commencing Saturday, July 28.

A reduction sale not of passed styles or fabrics, but just the kind
of goods that are wanted and needed These Hot Days.

Ladies' Colored Shirtwaist Sale.

50-cent Quality for.....39 cents
75-cent Quality for.....55 cents
\$1.00 Quality for.....75 cents

Ladies' Thin Dress Goods Sale.

20-cent Corded Taffetas for.....13 cents
15-cent Lawn for.....11 cents
10-cent Lawn for.....7 cents

These goods must move to make room for our fall goods.

H. C. MARTIN,

BELL PHONE. Successor to T. H. Parkinson. YALE, MICH.

When you buy

CROCKERY

Buy where you have a big
selection to choose from.

Our Stock is Large and of Differ-
ent Varieties.

The price within reach of all.

Remember us for fresh Groceries. Try us
for good goods and prompt delivery.

D. G. WILLIAMS.

Buy a Watch

We can sell you a watch as cheap as anyone else. When we tell
you a thing you can rely on the veracity of it.

PRICE \$2.50 to \$25.00.

Let us talk with you on the watch subject.

L. ROY FULLER,

JEWELER.

STATIONER.

Remember When You Patronize The Vale Expositor

You always get
Value Received either in ADVERTISING OR JOB WORK.

We are out for business on business principles and have twice the circulation
and best equipped job office of any other paper in this part of St. Clair
county to back us up. No job too big. No job too small.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

PORT HURON MICH.

CAPITAL. - \$50,000.
SURPLUS. - \$50,000.

Interest Paid on Time De-
posits. Accounts Solicited.

Chas. Wellman, Geo. W. Moore,
PRESIDENT. CASHIER.

ON LAKE NIPissing.

Callander, Ont., July 19th, 1900.

Free from the daily struggle;
Free from the cares of earth;
Enjoying the cream of rest,
and lots of other things that go to
make up a jolly good time.

And it would be a person with a good
deal less poetry in his heart than I have,
who could not enjoy what nature in
these wilds has so profusely provided.
'Tis true that nature has played some
queer pranks, and what she is going to
do with some of her handiwork is not
yet apparent. The old dame must have
been in a prodigious bad humor when
she belched forth from her stomach
such tremendous piles of bare and rag-
ged rocks. We would be inclined to
make faces at her, if she had not relent-
ed and scooped out great basins, into
which she poured her tears of repent-
ance, for wasted energy no doubt; thus
forming the lovely lakes that adorn
and relieve the landscape of these high-
lands of Ontario. And while in this
mood, she must have conceived the
idea of furnishing clothing to cover
the nakedness of some of her coarsest
offspring. In this she has been no nig-
gard, for the beauty in which she has
clothed her hills and rocks and islands,
is almost beyond the description of hu-
man pen, and must be seen to be appre-
ciated. Some of her rocks and hills
have not been dressed yet; but these
only serve by way of contrast to en-
hance the beauty of their more favored
kin.

Since writing the last letter rainy
days have set in, Wednesday being the
first day fit for a tourist to get out. I
started at 6:30 in the morning by G. T.
railway for North Bay, the northern
terminus, and near where it forms a
junction with the C. P. railway, where
lines extend from the eastern sea board
to the Pacific in the west. From North
Bay I took the C. P. railway for a visit
to Sturgeon Falls, 25 miles west. This
is a town of 2,000 inhabitants, has elec-
tric lights, and is quite a busy place,
and has some charming sights in its
vicinity.

The town takes its name from the
fact that millions of sturgeon come up
this river from the lake to the falls ev-
ery spring, and are caught with hooks
in large numbers by many men who
make that a business, and who also
make a good deal of wealth out of it.
Sturgeon river is quite a large stream,
about one-eighth of a mile in average
width, and very deep, say from 30 to 50
feet. It takes its rise almost 100 miles
north and east, being supplied by many
other streams in its course. The falls
are located at the village, and one gets
a fine view from the bridge above. At
this point there is a deep gorge, the
bottom being strewn with huge bould-
ers, some of the size of an ordinary
dwelling house.

Over this bed the waters from ten or
fifteen feet above, descend with tremen-
dous force and velocity, pell mell
against the rocks below, which dash
them back in fury to meet another on-
slaught of descending waters in mighty
battles; then swizzling round on each
side, dancing, bubbling, foaming, still
descending for another mighty plunge
and another struggle against other
rocks that bar its progress, until finally
at the base of the falls about 300 rods
distant, it sweeps out into a bay about
three-fourths of a mile across, and then
passes peacefully and sluggishly down
to the mouth four miles below, where
it empties into lake Nipissing.

I hired a boat and a couple of kids to
row me down to the mouth of the river.
Sitting in the stern of the boat, gliding
down stream, was where the dreaming
mentioned at the beginning of this let-
ter held full sway for a time. Over
this very same route, on this same
stream, many moons ago, the cele-
brated Frenchman, Champlain, plied
his birch canoes when he descended
from the waters of the lower Province
on his mission to the Huron Indians,
who then roamed these wilds as lords
and masters, having undisputed pos-
session.

Alas! how are the mighty warriors
fallen. A few old toothless squaws on
one of the islands are all that is left of
that once numerous and powerful tribe.
The rest, some being merged in some
other tribe, and the great majority
gradually yielding to the inevitable,
slipped away with their dogs, bows and
arrows, across the Great River, where
according to Indian lore, they are now
hunting moose and bison, in hunting
grounds illimitable, under the eye of
the Great Spirit.

Near the mouth of the river I stepped
ashore to visit an old Indian bury-
ing ground, located on its banks. It
must have been very ancient, for large
trees and dense underwood now covers
the spot. More dreams here. Fierce
Indians in their war paint going out to
meet their foes, returning with glory
and scalps; dusky lovers sighing out
their love songs to their equally dusky

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, YALE, MICH.

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JAMES MCCOLL, Vice-Pres.

K. F. FEAD, Cashier.

Directors:—R. E. Noble, James McColl, E. F.
Fead H. E. Beard, B. McNulty.

sweethearts; and a thousand other
things suggested by Longfellow's Illi-
watha teemed through my mind, until
finally aroused by a yell from one of
the boys, which in my dream sounded
like the war-whoop of a Comanche
brave; but reduced to English and wak-
ing condition, was simply "Golly! let's
get out; the mosquitoes will eat us up,"
and they were large enough to do it.

We crossed here to the other side of
the stream and went ashore to see the
remains of an old fort, built by the
Hudson Bay Co. nearly, or more than
100 years ago. Little remains to tell
the story or reveal its history. It was
built stockade fashion, common to ear-
ly settlements, the logs being placed
side by side on end, and driven into the
ground, loop-holes being left at inter-
vals, serving the double purpose, where
they had roofs on them, of admitting
light, and firing out on approaching
enemies. Rude they were, but served
their purpose, and like the Indians who
dwelt in this vicinity, are now things
of the past.

In the vicinity of this fort are a num-
ber of deep trenches, running several
rods back at right angles to the stream,
dug up by the Huron Indians a long
time ago, when they were expecting a
hostile visit from a band of Iroquois
warriors from the eastern Province,
who were bent on other purposes than
modern civilization suggests. Now it
is territory, commerce, christianity, and
an out-put for poor whiskey and rum;
then it was scalps and ponies, the pro-
cess being the same—killing the enemy
that bars its progress.

At this point I also had an interest-
ing interview with a fishing station. A
Buffalo firm have a crew here taking
care of the fish. Several Indians landed
during the day with their boats loaded
with sturgeon, for which they get 35
cents apiece, large and small. This is
a small figure, when it is considered
that many of the fish weigh over 100
pounds. The consumer pays a shilling
a pound before he gets a taste. I took
a look into the fish-house where they
were cleaning the fish. I don't want to
spoil the fish trade of Yale grocersmen
by describing the process. It's a dirty
job, and my stomach hasn't felt kindly
to fish since.

A cigar given to me by a friend, gave
me an introduction to an Indian Chief
at Sturgeon Falls. His name I have
forgotten; but his notoriety consists in
having for a wife a niece of Lord
Strathcona, an English Lord who at an
early day married a half-breed at one of
the Hudson Bay Company's posts. I
hadn't cheek enough to ask the old fel-
low for an introduction to his wife;
but I saw her, and she's not bad look-
ing. I have seen lots of white folks
look worse—and, of course, better.

Ten o'clock at night, full of water-
falls, fishes, Indians, Hudson Bay trap-
pers and all such weird things, I went
to bed, and contrary to custom, in five
minutes was enjoying the sleep of the
just.

Thursday a party of eighteen, old
and young, got into four boats and
went on a picnic to one of the islands
four miles distant on lake Nipissing. A
Methodist minister from Hamilton,
my friend, the Presbyterian minister
here, and his family, together with our
friends and their friends, made up the
party. A row of four miles made it
quite easy and agreeable to squat down
on all fours, and in any other attitude
and attack the contents of our baskets.

Nothing went over our shoulders.
After dinner we had some reading
from Will Carleton's poems, and then
we men folks went a fishing. The fish
at this particular time of day, must
have had their dinner too, for they
manifested no appetite for hooked bait.
However, at last the Methodist min-
ister pulled in in quick succession a
couple of beauties, at which the Rev.
gentleman felt much elated, and look-
ed down upon the rest of us poor mor-
tals as if he did not know the time of
day. A sudden lurch of the boat—ac-
cidental, of course—and the preacher
was overboard. We would not help
him in until he promised to tell the
ladies we caught the fish. He said he
would not have minded the ducking if
he'd been a Baptist, but treating a
methodist to so much water all at once,
was a little too high spiced. It did not
lessen the fun of the joke when I sug-
gested it might have been wise to save
a few drops of the water to cool his
tongue a little later on.

It came my turn, and I actually
caught a fish, a pike. Well, I was proud,
and promenaded the deck or seat.
Then came a plunge, and a spluttering
promise to use the word "we," and I
took my place beside the preacher on
the mourners' bench, reflecting on
an old adage, "Pride must have a fall."

Well, we got tired fishing, and with
whetted appetites we "pulled for the
shore," where the ladies ministered to
our necessities. After which we took
to the boats and wended our way home-
ward, chewing the cud of reflection, all
agreeing that a day spent free from
the conventionalities of society, collars
and cuffs at the washerwoman's, is a
treat not to be despised. Next week
we intend to take up our abode on one
of the islands, and may find material
for another letter.

Yours truly,
James Brown.

Star Poultry Powder

Pays for itself ten fold. All you
have to do is feed it. As an egg pro-
ducer and a cure for cholera, etc., it
has no equal. Sold everywhere, 25c.

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Rambler Monarch Phoenix
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Can Furnish Any Kind of a Wheel From \$18 up.

Bicycle Sundries, Repairs, Vulcanizing, Etc.

Remember us for anything in the
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John Hutton,

HARDWARE.

YALE, MICH.

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BY
PARIS GREEN

Purchased of Mathews & Wight all the potato bugs in
all the potato patches where it has been used. The
reason that every bag dies that gets a taste of this
Paris Green, is because it is fresh. It has every bit of
its strength. We bought it this spring; didn't carry it
over from last year. Now if you want something that
will kill the bugs instantly, try our Fresh Paris Green

Try Eastman's Perfumes.

Prescriptions Carefully Filled.

MATHEWS & WIGHT, DRUGGISTS.

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YALE, MICH.

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Us for our principal lines of
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Just at present we want to im-
press upon you the advisability of look-
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From The Field To The Stew-kettle.

Every utensil you need at this preserving
season, from the berry-pickers' pail to the
stew kettle, can be bought of us to good ad-
vantage.

We wish to call your attention to our splen-
did line of graniteware preserving kettles.
In quality and price, we believe they cannot
be equaled elsewhere. All sizes and styles—
you'll surely find one to suit you.

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